

Our Dumb Animals!

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 19.

Boston, March, 1887.

No. 10.



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"A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found."

THE scheme of the Chicago anarchists to blow up the water-works of that city is not surprising. If there is anything an anarchist despises it is water. You never heard of an anarchist plot to blow up a brewery.

POLITENESS PAYS.

A delightful little incident is told in the Irish Times about a monkey and a dog: "A brave, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder, seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoitre. Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical, the dog's head and tail dropped and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious guest had departed."

HAPPIEST BOY IN THE KINGDOM.

Once there was a king who had a little boy whom he loved.

He gave him beautiful rooms to live in and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great.

But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy and said to the king:—

"I can make your son happy. But you must pay me a great price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the price was paid. Then the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away.

The boy did as he had been told, and white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue.

They formed these words:—

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.—*Ex.*

AMONG the members of the French Legion of Honor are seventeen lady knights, nine of whom are Superiors or Sisters of orders which devote themselves to hospitals. The oldest two of the nine are M^{lle} Regis de Clamecy, who conspicuously resisted the revolutionists in 1849, and Madame Abicot, who, in the same year, gallantly defended her husband, the Mayor of a French village. This summer two women who displayed their heroism to sufferers from the cholera in the south of France have also received the ribbon.

A SCENE IN BOSTON.

There are many men who will try to whip more out of a horse than the animal can do; but there seems to be one driver, at least, who has better sense. A heavily-loaded sleigh was stuck on a car-track in Scollay Square. The street was badly blocked, and a crowd gathered, as usual.

The horse pulled well, but could not move the load. The crowd shouted and offered advice.

"Why don't you whip him?" one man asked, and at the same time he lifted a whip and was about to ply it around the animal's legs. The horse had become restless and pranced about without pulling effectively.

"Don't you strike that horse!" the driver shouted. "I've driven this animal a good many years, and know just what he can do. I have never struck him with a whip, and I don't intend to now. If you fellows will only stop your yelling, the horse will be all right. He is so frightened that he don't know what to do."

Patrolman Ruby quieted the crowd, and in a few minutes the horse calmed down. Then the driver stroked his head and said, in a quiet tone, "Come, John, it's all right now." The horse made another effort and succeeded in clearing the track.—*Youth's Companion.*

INTELLIGENCE OF ARTILLERY HORSES.

I once saw a young soldier who belonged to a battery of artillery engaged in patching the holes in his guidon (a marker's flag) with cloth from the lining of his uniform. When I asked him why he spent so much time to mend that old flag, his answer was, that as we were so far from the base of supplies he could not get a new one, and that when the battery went into action with thirty-six horses and six guns he always stuck the pike of the guidon into the ground where the battery was to form, and even if the man who rode the leading horse was killed or disabled, and the noise of battle was so great that the bugle call could not be heard, the horses would wheel around the flag and execute the manoeuvre known as by left into line, and bring the muzzles of the six guns on a line with the flag, and then as soon as the guns were unlimbered, he would again place it about two hundred paces to the rear, and the horses would gallop to the rear with the caissons and halt again on a line with it. Is there not a beautiful sentiment in the thought of those noble horses knowing the flag and rallying to it?—*Cor. Chicago Journal.*

THE SMART DOG OF MAINE.

Dr. P's business called him out of town over night, leaving his sister alone at home as house-keeper. In the afternoon a lady friend called, and during the conversation remarked: "Are you not afraid to remain here alone over night?" "Oh, no," the sister replied, "not as long as I have Flash with me." Now Flash's bed was in the cellar, and at the usual time in the evening he was accustomed to take a drink of water and retire. On this occasion, however, the sister found Flash lying in the hall upstairs, close by the door of her room, and there he remained until morning, though not another word had been spoken on the subject but the remark above.—*Winthrop (Me.) Budget.*

FOO-CHIN-LING.

Foo-Chin-Ling was a Chinese boy,

And a sensible boy was he;

For he said to himself: "I'll take care of myself

And a strong, healthy man I'll be.

My food shall be simple, wholesome food,

Strong drink I'll throw to the dogs,

I'll remember I'm going to be a man,

And not a companion for hogs.

"I'll prepare for the future's great demands

By taking care of the now;

So I'll run and jump, and I'll swim and skate,

Chop wood and plant and plow,

I'll use my arms and my legs and feet,

For that makes them strong, you know.

O I'll have a body to match my work

When I to a man shall grow!"

Foo-Chin-Ling is a Chinese man,

And a great strong man is he;

And he says to his friends: "I took care of myself

When I was a boy, you see.

And now with a mighty work to do,

I can do it without a pain,

Without constant fears lest my health shall fail—

I have muscle as well as brain."

—*Golden Days.*

SERVED HIM RIGHT.

On a Charlestown car the other day, an incident occurred that will be remembered by one participant. The seats of the car were all occupied when a lady with a child in her arms entered, and a gentleman immediately arose and offered her the place. Before, however, she could take advantage of the courtesy, a young man slipped into the seat with the most glaring impudence and started to read a paper. The first occupant gave the interloper to understand that the seat had been vacated for the lady's benefit; but this having no effect save to provoke an impudent reply, he caught the young man by the collar, yanked him unceremoniously to his feet, and flung him to one side. The expression on the young man's face as he regained his equilibrium would have been an inspiration to the pencil of Cruikshank. He cast a look of terror upon his assailant, and left the car in a hurry, followed by the laughter of the passengers.—*Boston Budget.*

HOLES IN THE CHEESE.

Uncle Enoch, a worthy and very economical colored man, came into the village store the other day.

"Got any 'o dat York State cheese, Mr. Johnsing?"

"Yes, Uncle, some that's very nice, just in"—

"Widout any holes in it dis time, Mr. Johnsing?"

"Holes? Why, don't you like it with holes in it?"

"I likes de cheese, Mr. Johnsing, but"—

Here Uncle Enoch shook his head reprovingly.

"You done sold me too many poun's 'o holes in de past, Mr. Johnsing."

"Holes! What do you mean?"

"Why, de las' poun' o' cheese I bought hyar was mo'n a half-a-poun' ob it holes!"—*Youth's Companion.*



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy:

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President; REV. THOMAS TIMMINS, Secretary; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Treasurer.

Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost, to every person who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy, — how to form, what to do, how to do it. To every Band formed in America of thirty or more, we send, also without cost, "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a copy of "Band of Mercy" songs and hymns. To every American teacher who forms a Band of twenty or more, we send the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

All we require is simply signing our pledge: I will try to be kind to all *harmless* living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish badges, song and hymn books, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are, for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

- 1—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.
- 3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6—Enrollment of new members.
- 7—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

PARENT AMERICAN BAND OF MERCY.

Any boy, girl, man or woman can come to our offices, sign the above "Band of Mercy" pledge, and receive a beautifully-tinted paper certificate that the signer is a *Life Member of the "Parent American Band of Mercy,"* and a "Band of Mercy" member of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all without cost, or can write us that they wish to join, and by enclosing a two-cent return postage stamp, have names added to the list, and receive a similar certificate by mail. Those who wish the badge and large card of membership, can obtain them at the office by paying ten cents, or have them sent by mail by sending us, in postage stamps or otherwise, twelve cents.

Many of the most eminent men and women, not only of Massachusetts, but of the world, are members of the "Parent American Band."

Bands can obtain our membership certificates at ten cents a hundred.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Formed by Massachusetts Society P. C. Animals.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| 5414. Richland, Iowa.
P., Marie Renfrew. | 5441. Cambridgeport, Mass.
Tarbell School.
P., Mary H. Ross. | 5469. Huntington, Ind.
P., Mary L. Clark. |
| 5415. Westfield, Mass.
Silver street School.
P., Mabel E. Bragg. | 5442. Mt. Auburn, Ill.
P., W. S. Greer.
S., Geo. C. Greer. | 5470. Kansas City, Kansas.
Wood street School Band.
P., Carrie H. Holbrook. |
| 5416. Westfield, Mass.
Noble street Band.
P., Nettie L. Fowler. | 5443. San Diego, Texas.
Mexican Band.
P., Prof. Luis Puebla. | 5471. Adrian, Minn.
P., Frances M. Haislet. |
| 5417. Clarksville, Tenn.
No. 1 Band.
P., Minnie Bates. | 5444. Dayton, Ohio.
P., Cinna Clark. | 5472. Ortonville, Minn.
North Star Band.
P., Mrs. Johanna Hurley. |
| 5418. No. 2 Band.
P., Minnie Shackelford. | 5445. Plum Hollow, Iowa.
Dawsonburg Band.
P., Jared J. Harris. | 5473. South Yarmouth, Mass.
Mayflower Band.
P., Carrie D. Baker. |
| 5419. Minneapolis, Minn.
Emerson Band.
P., Maud Conkey. | 5446. Northboro, Mass.
Centre Primary School.
P., Rosa C. Mack. | 5474. Hammansburg, Ohio.
Pansy Band.
P., Almedia Kinney. |
| 5420. Savannah, Ga.
Oglethorpe Band.
P., Mrs. E. M. Spring. | 5447. Nunda, Ill.
Protection Club.
P., Edith A. Ellsworth. | 5475. Pensacola, Fla.
Gulf City Band.
P., Lucy M. Kinlay.
S., Sibyl Howard. |
| 5421. Scranton, Pa.
Children of Charity.
P., M. J. Ketrick. | 5448. Beaver Centre, Pa.
New Philadelphia Band.
P., L. Eva Wood. | 5476. Longwood, Mo.
Nunda, C. P. Cartwright. |
| 5422. Townville, Pa.
Richmond Band.
P., Lillie L. Carpenter. | 5449. Hutchinson, Kansas.
P., Annie L. Carll. | 5477. Kasson, Minn.
Golden Rule Band.
P., Nellie Tucker. |
| 5423. Salem, Mass.
Pickman School.
P., Katie C. Murphy. | 5450. Emerson, Neb.
P., Mrs. Olive Gilliland. | 5478. Worcester, Mass.
Good Will Band.
P., Estelle Potter.
T., Eddie Fisher. |
| 5424. Westboro, Mass.
Friendly Helpers.
P., Lucy G. Pond. | 5451. Dodge Centre, Minn.
Longfellow Band.
P., Jennie Carter. | 5479. Steubenville, Ohio.
Rolling Band.
P., Martha J. Leslie. |
| 5425. Harwich, Mass.
High School Band.
P., T. Snowden Thomas.
S., Jessie L. Mayo. | 5452. Ravenswood, West Va.
Evening Star Band.
P., Mrs. Ada Hertye. | 5480. East Brookfield, Mass.
Little Workers' Band.
P., Laura M. Pettengill. |
| 5426. Merrimac, Wis.
Willow Pond Band.
P., Celeste Todd. | 5453. Dodge Centre, Minn.
O. K. Band.
P., E. Olive Keyes. | 5481. Griggs Corner, Ohio.
P., Jane E. Westcott. |
| 5427. Maxville, Mo.
Clover Leaves Band.
P., Lulu H. Richardson. | 5454. Glidden, Iowa.
P., Beth Campbell. | 5482. Salisbury Point, Mass.
Rocky Hill Band.
P., Sadie True. |
| 5428. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Helpers' Band.
P., M. E. Hastings. | 5455. Shaw's Mills, N. C.
Guilford Band.
P., E. J. Shaw. | 5483. Longwood, Mo.
P., Claud Greer. |
| 5429. Eakles Mills, Md.
Samples Manor Band.
P., Daniel W. Wyand. | 5456. Dayton, Ohio.
North America Band.
P., P. P. Ellis. | 5484. Remington, Ind.
Silver Star Band.
P., Minnie A. Bartoo. |
| 5430. Norristown, Pa.
Honor Bright Band.
P., Annie A. Schall. | 5457. Atlanta, Ga.
Children of Mercy.
P., Carrie E. Jones. | 5485. Hadley, Mass.
Mt. Holyoke Band.
P., Mary N. Shipman. |
| 5431. Salem, Mass.
Pickman School.
Robin Redbreast Band.
P., Hattie M. Stetson. | 5458. Needham, Mass.
Kimball Primary School.
P., Martha A. Alexander. | 5486. Buckingham, Va.
Maysville School,
No. 2 Band.
P., Mildred Perkins. |
| 5432. Joy, Kansas.
Bunker Hill Band.
P., Ed. Minor. | 5459. Prompton, Pa.
Star Band.
P., Frances E. Schoonover. | 5487. Lowell, Mass.
Butler School Band.
P., Kate E. Kelley. |
| 5433. Salem, Mass.
Pickman School.
Golden Star Band.
P., Ella F. Carr. | 5460. Greeley, Colorado.
Little Workers' Band.
P., Mrs. J. Eloise Fisk. | 5488. Norwood, Mass.
P., Alice L. Barron. |
| 5434. Worcester, Mass.
Juvenile Band.
P., Margaret F. Hagan. | 5461. Foxboro, Mass.
Amaranth Band.
P., Dillie Mac Donald. | 5489. Norwood, Mass.
Mercy's Armor Band.
P., Mary A. Allen. |
| 5435. Meadville, Pa.
Cecilia Affantranger. | 5462. Longwood, Mo.
American Band.
P., Eudora Cartwright. | 5490. Binbrook, Ontario,
Canada.
P., S. A. Laidman. |
| 5436. Rockville, Conn.
Good Will Band.
P., Eva C. Colburn. | 5463. Mt. Auburn, Ill.
P., Chas F. Milligan.
S., James Milligan. | 5491. Longwood, Mo.
P., E. B. Powell. |
| 5437. New Orleans, La.
Third street Band.
P., Rev. L. B. Ford. | 5464. Blackstone, Mass.
New City Pity Band.
P., Mary Stewart. | 5492. Glidden, Iowa.
P., Lottie Havens. |
| 5438. Clarksville, Tenn.
No. 3 Band.
P., Mrs. S. Shackelford. | 5465. Washington, Pa.
Wee One's Band.
P., Annie C. Ecker. | 5493. Lancaster, Ohio.
Reform School Band.
P., Chas. Douglass. |
| 5439. Scranton, Pa.
Stars of Scranton.
P., L. M. Raub. | 5466. Norristown, Pa.
Willing Workers' Band.
P., Hattie M. Clarke. | 5494. Nevada, Mo.
P., Fanny Curry. |
| 5440. Newburyport, Mass.
Kelley School.
Atlantic Band.
P., M. E. Cogwell. | 5467. Chester, Mass.
Golden Star Band.
P., L. R. Remington. | 5495. Blooming Valley, Pa.
Gold Star Band.
P., Mrs. J. W. Heart.
S., Mary Boyles. |
| | 5468. Crockett, Texas.
Mary Allen Seminary.
P., Columbia E. Logan.
S., Margaret P. Bolles. | 5496. Guy's Mills, Pa.
Eureka Band.
P., M. E. Hawks.
S., Katie Rouché. |
| | | 5497. Auburn, Cal.
True Blue Band.
P., M. E. McKay. |

Continued on page 95.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, March, 1887.

THE February Meeting of Directors was held on Wednesday the 16th. President ANGELL reported that at the Society's request, fifteen of the city watering-troughs for horses had been kept open this winter. The experiment had proved a success. It was voted that Messrs. ANGELL, SAMUEL C. COBB, SAMUEL E. SAWYER, J. BOYLE O'REILLY, DAVID NEVINS, J. MURRAY FORBES and CHARLES F. DONNELLY be a Committee to petition the Water Board to open fifteen more, on or before March 1st, the Society to pay, if necessary, the cost of altering the pipes. By unanimous vote of the Boston School Committee, the President had been authorized to distribute in the public schools 60,000 of the Society's humane leaflets, just published, and about 75,000 more would, by vote of the Directors, be sent to teachers through the State. The Society's bill before Congress to prevent cruelty to animals in the Territories, in charge of Mr. Collins, had been unanimously reported by the Judiciary Committee of the House. The Society had organized about 150 new Bands of Mercy in the past sixty days, the whole number being now 5,504. These Bands are in almost every State and Territory. The Society's Boston agents had, during the past month, investigated 153 complaints of cruelty and caused thirty-eight animals to be humanely killed.

25,000.

We print twenty-five thousand copies of this number of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

OUR BOSTON SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

We sent in at the regular meeting of our Boston School Committee, February 8th, a request to be permitted to distribute our humane leaflets in the Boston schools, and were pleased to be notified next morning that the Committee had suspended the ordinary rules requiring such business to go over to another meeting, and by a unanimous vote authorized us to distribute the leaflets. Under this vote we distribute about 60,000 copies in the public schools of Boston, giving each pupil one. We also send to each teacher in Massachusetts, outside of Boston, a full set of the leaflets—about 75,000 more. Our Missionary Fund will enable us to distribute also about 77,000 gratuitously, post-paid, to schools outside the State. Orders sent by teachers and others, with number of scholars to be supplied, will be sent in the order of reception, generally on the basis of one leaflet to each pupil. By exchanging, each will be able to read the whole. Our first edition is 240,000; other editions will be printed from stereotype plates as fast as wanted.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

OUR HUMANE LEAFLETS.

If we should publish the kind words coming to our table about these leaflets, we should fill this whole paper; but the following unsolicited words from the chief editor of the two leading educational papers of America, "*The Journal of Education*," and "*The American Teacher*," are particularly gratifying:

Editorial Rooms,

3 Somerset Street, Boston.

Dear Mr. Angell:—*I think your leaflets the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen. I have made special reference to them.*

Yours very truly,

February 14, 1887.

A. E. Winship.

CATTLE ON THE PLAINS.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Feb. 17. H. E. Simpson, postmaster at Albright, Montana, writes as follows:

"*The cattle on the ranges are dying by thousands. I have already lost fifty per cent of my cattle.* A large number of native steers have been driven into the bottom by the storms, and are dying like flies. For days the range cattle have been coming into the valley by thousands, wandering back and forth before the storm, till they drop in their tracks." A stockman of eighteen years' experience, writes from Billings: "*I estimate my cattle loss at fifty per cent now, and think it will reach seventy-five per cent.*"

We take the above from the *Boston Evening Transcript* of February 17. It means simply that, while the professedly Christian men who own these cattle ranches, are sitting by their warm firesides and around their bountifully-furnished tables, *hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—of God's cattle, for whom they have provided no food or shelter, are dying on the plains.* Is there not need of humane education?

Fifty thousand dollars was raised in Boston, recently, in one evening, to build one mission church. Do we not need a *mission fund*? Can you find anybody who will use that fund more judiciously or economically than our Mass. Society, which, through its "Band of Mercy" branches and educational connections, could reach, with its humane leaflets and otherwise, every state and territory—if its *missionary fund were large enough to do it*? Is there not need to awaken the press, the clergy and the teachers? Who will contribute to a "missionary fund" for God's cattle and other dumb creatures, and help us carry the gospel of humanity to American heathen, who allow hundreds of thousands—perhaps millions—to die of starvation every winter in our Western and Southern states and territories?

Since writing the above, through the kind consideration of some of our friends, to whom we have made a personal appeal, we have been able to add \$500 to our missionary fund. *We need \$5,000. Who will help us?*

NOW IS THE TIME.

I wish it were in my power to say, not only to every Christian man and woman in this country, but also to every patriot who would save his country from threatened danger, if not destruction, that if there was ever a time for

humane education in all our public schools, *it is now.* An education which will make the rich kinder to the poor, the poor kinder to the rich, and both kinder to the dumb animals that toil in their service. GEO. T. ANGELL.

TO ALL GOOD MEN AND WOMEN.

One thing I wish every man and woman in America to understand, viz: that this merciful education, which we are using every power that God has given us to carry into all the schools of this continent, is not for dumb animals alone, but also for the prevention of every form of cruelty, and the protection of property and life.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

OUR BILL BEFORE CONGRESS.

The following from *Boston Herald* gives information already received by us from General Collins:

"OUR DUMB ANIMALS."

Favorable Report on the Memorial of the Massachusetts Society.

[Special Dispatch to the Boston Herald.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 14, 1887. The committee on the judiciary, through Mr. Collins, has made a favorable report on the bill and memorial of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, asking the passage of a law to protect dumb animals in the various territories from unnecessary cruelty. In the report Mr. Collins says: "This body occupies the foremost place among the organizations of men and women who in our time have done so much to repress and punish human cruelty, abuse and neglect in dealing with dumb animals. In all the States, we believe, laws now exist to prevent and punish unnecessary exposure, neglect or cruel treatment of beasts of burden and other animals. To bring the federal legislation into co-operation and harmony with the laws of the States on the subject, and provide a uniform rule for the District of Columbia and the territories, your committee recommend the passage of the bill."—*Boston Herald*, Feb. 15, 1887.

CONDENSED INFORMATION.

To answer many calls made upon us for information in regard to our Society, we have just printed an eight-page leaflet on tinted paper, containing *our act of incorporation, constitution and by-laws*; also, shorter form and suggestions to those wishing to organize new societies; *our Massachusetts laws relating to cruelty to animals and a description of our various publications*, of which we have already circulated several millions; *full information in regard to our Bands of Mercy*; what the Society has done, and how it has done it; how the Society is supported; the number of its agents; *directions for killing animals humanely*, with cuts illustrating, etc., etc., and on the last page a picture of the old horse ringing the bell of justice. Any person writing us for a copy can receive it post-paid, without charge. We send a copy with other publications to every newspaper in Massachusetts.

CINCINNATI.

It is with sincere regret we announce the resignation of Oscar B. Todhunter, Secretary of the Ohio Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals,

to enter other business. Under Mr. T's administration, the receipts of the Society have grown from an average of \$2,300, during eleven years, to an average of \$9,250 the past three years, and the work of the Society has immensely increased. To lose in one year by resignation, three such men as President Frazer, General Agent Charles Douglas and Secretary Todhunter, cannot fail to be a great loss to our sister society and to the work.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Previous to the introduction of Cochituate water into Boston, in 1848, there were various pumps and watering-troughs where animals obtained water.

After Cochituate was introduced these were discontinued, and when the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals started, there was not, to our knowledge, one public fountain or trough in the city proper where a thirsty horse could find water. One of the first things the President of the Society succeeded in doing, was to secure the erection by the city of some twenty iron fountains for the benefit of horses. At these fountains only one horse could drink at a time, and they were quite liable to be broken.

In 1872, Mr. and Mrs. William Appleton erected and presented to the city, at a cost of \$1,000, thirteen (13) stone troughs, from which several horses could drink at the same time. There are now something over forty of these in the city, and others being made.

Up to winter before last, the Water Board persistently refused to keep these troughs open for horses in winter, declaring it impracticable and dangerous.

Mrs. Appleton was determined that the experiment should be tried, and offered to employ men at her own expense, to take charge of them, to pay costs of alteration, and to hold herself responsible for damages. The Water Board, upon this agreement, consented.

An invention of Mr. J. Frank Wadleigh (of the City Surveyor's office, and one of our Directors), to keep the water continually running, was put on one of the fountains, and it was thrown open to the public December 27, 1884. During the next nineteen days, with the thermometer a part of the time at 12° below zero, nearly four thousand horses drank at that trough. The water did not freeze, and two more troughs were opened to the public. Last winter several more were open through the winter. This winter fifteen are open, and tens of thousands of horses have drank at them. Our Society now petitions the Water Board to open fifteen more, and offers to pay the cost of alterations, if necessary.

We think it proper to say, that for the opening of these troughs to horses in the winter, and all the consequent relief to them and help to their owners and drivers, both they and we are indebted to the kind interest and sympathy of Mrs. William Appleton of Boston.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH, BOSTON.

The Rev. F. B. Allen, associate of Rev. Phillips Brooks, said in his sermon of February 20th: "*I want you to remember, that in no land in the world is crime so on the increase as in the United States.*" Trinity Church raised, we believe, in one day, \$50,000 for *one missionary church*. Please to study the work now being done by our Massachusetts Society P. C. A. in carrying moral and humane education into the schools of our city, state, and country—reaching hundreds of thousands of children whom no church can reach, and through them their parents—and then ask yourselves how can we do more with our money to save the nation from violence, brutality and crime than to give this earnest, economical, hard-working Society a missionary fund which shall enable it to reach the millions who ought to be reached with its humane publications and influences? We do not hesitate to say to every person who reads this article, that we do believe you can not find in the world to-day a humane society doing a nobler or larger educational work more earnestly or economically for the benefit of human beings and dumb beasts, than the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This educational work—for the preservation of the nation—if there were no other reason—ought to be immensely extended at the earliest possible moment. *With a proper missionary fund, we could and would take measures at once to reach the schools of every State and territory.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

"The cattle on a thousand hills are His."

A most intellectual and devotedly religious lady, prominent in the city where she resides, has recently written us, in substance, that she knows no paper better for supplementary reading in Sunday-schools than "*Our Dumb Animals.*" A prominent Massachusetts clergyman last Sunday told his congregation that he knew of no paper in this country better for children than "*Our Dumb Animals.*" These are but two of many similar expressions that come to our table. Nothing sectarian can enter our columns, but all that is good, noble, elevating and humane. We respectfully invite all our readers to consider the value of what we publish as supplementary reading for the Sunday-schools of all Christian churches; also, the value of the humane leaflets, mentioned in another column, which have been selected from "*Our Dumb Animals.*"

A GOOD MOVE.

The South Boston Horse Railroad Company have given notice that its cars will hereafter stop to receive and deliver passengers *only at the intersection of streets*. All other Boston Horse Railroads will be urged to adopt the same rule.

BETTER TO CONVERT THAN CONVICT.

From the foundation of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it has been our doctrine that *it is better to convert than convict*. We think the abused horse would not thank us for getting his master fined or imprisoned, when the master comes home to wreak his revenge on the dumb animal by whipping, kicking, or half starving him to pay the fine. *A thousand cruelties can be prevented by humane education, for every one prevented by prosecution*. That is why out of 4,702 complaints of cruelty dealt with by our agents last year, only 172 were prosecuted; that is why when we founded our Society, we started the first paper of its kind in the world—"OUR DUMB ANIMALS"—and printed 200,000 copies of its first number; that is why we have sent out over the State, the country and the world, millions of copies of our various humane publications; that is why we now publish eight humane leaflets and print 240,000 of the first edition.

WILLS.

We have to-day had the pleasure of drafting in duplicate [*all wills should be made in duplicate*], the will of a gentleman giving his property, after the death of himself and wife, to our Massachusetts Society, to be used for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

We give our own time and money—so far as we can afford—to this object, and have remembered it in our own will, and we should esteem it a pleasure to draft a similar will or codicil, every day, *without any charge whatever*.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

BANDS OF MERCY.

In our February paper we reported seventy-eight new "Bands of Mercy" formed during the month.

We are glad to report in this paper ninety-six more, making one hundred and seventy-four new "Bands" formed by the Massachusetts Society in the past sixty days. Some of these are quite large—one reports 548 members.

We are indebted to Dr. G. B. SAWTELLE of Malden, who owns the finest collection of St. Bernard dogs, probably, in New England, and perhaps in America, for the beautiful cut on our first page.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Nineteenth Annual Report of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, just received, shows 9,362 cases dealt with during the year—mostly by the Society's three Philadelphia agents—212 were prosecuted, and 210 convicted. The receipts during the year from all sources, were about \$9,000, and expenses a little over \$7,000. Ambulance used 133 times, costing about \$8.25 each time.

Robert W. Ryerss, President; J. Lewis Crew, Treasurer, and M. V. B. Davis, Secretary.

Continued from page 95.

5498. Steubenville, Ohio.
Buds of Promise Band.
P., Maggie Hill.
5499. Newburyport, Mass.
P., Susan I. Adams.
5500. Independence, Mo.
Fremont Centre Band.
P., May Bushgens.
5501. Cedar Spring, S. C.
Moss Side Band.
P., A. Anna Allen.
5502. Shaw's Mills, N. C.
Mt. Hope Band.
P., Will S. Shaw.
5503. Weimar, Texas.
Prairie School Band.
P., Gustave Bender.
5504. Deer Park, Md.
P., Ida L. Head.
5505. Hampton, Iowa.
McKenzie Band.
P., L. M. McKenzie.
5506. Freedonia, N. Y.,
P., Mary A. Bemis.
5507. Buffalo, N. Y.
School No. 2 Band.
P., Sarah G. Wheeler.
5508. Whistler, Ala.
Rufus Dane Band.
P., Wm. Stringer.
S., Belle Woods.
T., Ada Freeland.
5509. Green Tree, Iowa.
Cowdry School Band.
P., Bertha Rohm.
5510. Frederickville, Ill.
P., Helen M. Dale.
- 5511 to 5513 inclusive.
Foxcroft, Me.
P., Hattie Wyman.
- 5514 to 5516 inclusive.
Dover, Me.
P., Minnie Everett.

WE are gratified to learn of the good "Band of Mercy" work being done by Rev. Mr. Timmins and others, in England—nearly 100,000 members in 455 Bands.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.

(Telegram from the Queen.)

The Bands of Mercy of St. John, New Brunswick, had a grand union mass meeting, Saturday, Feb. 19th. One thousand voices joined in singing the choruses. The following telegram sent by request of President Fairall was read and received with great applause:

W. H. FAIRALL,

President Parent Band of Mercy,

St. John, New Brunswick:

On behalf of the Parent Band of Mercy of America, which numbers this morning, five thousand five hundred and eight branches, accept our congratulations and wishes for the time

"When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
That now the angels sing."

GEORGE T. ANGELL, President.

SAMUEL E. SAWYER, Vice-President.

By St. John paper just received, we learn that the meeting was a grand success; children on the floor, parents and friends in galleries and balconies. Songs, addresses, distribution of prizes, and a telegram from the Queen received with enthusiastic cheers, and the singing by the whole audience of the National anthem.

THE following beautiful poem tells in poetry, truly, the heroic deed of Kate Shelley, which we published some months ago in our DUMB ANIMALS:

HOW KATE SHELLEY SAVED THE TRAIN.

'Twas just at the fall of night, and a storm was raging wild;
The wind now blustered and shrieked, now sobbed,
like a moaning child.
The rain rushed down, like a sea, with overmastering power,
And the river of Des Moines rose six feet in an hour!

Great buildings bowed to the blast, as reeds bend to the breeze,
The rush and the roar, and the crash, were as the noise of seas;
The trees swayed to and fro, till they broke 'neath the pitiless blast,
And wreck, and ruin, and woe, on every side were cast.

Kate Shelley's kindly eyes peered out into the gloomy night;
And through the blackness saw the flash of an engine's light—
A moment it burned and gleamed, as a beacon light doth glow,
A moment only—then sank in the fatal gloom below!

Kate Shelley's thought was quick, 'mid the rush of the wind and the rain:
"The bridge over Honey Creek is down and with it the train,
And soon the express will come to ruin and to death,
And I am the one to warn them," said Kate Shelley under her breath.

"There is no one at home at all but Brother and Sister and me,
And Mother—they cannot go—that's plain enough to see—
So I am the one to go, albeit I go alone."
So, forth she rushed from the house into storm and the night's wild moan.

Over the river Des Moines, a high bridge spans the tide,
A dangerous, dizzying thing where foot can scarce abide;
Five hundred feet it goes, this treacherous trestle-work,
And ever between the ties, death and destruction lurk.

Kate Shelley must cross this bridge, 'twas the only way to go,
She falls on her knees and creeps, as if to a certain woe,
For the rain and the wind and the storm cease not their tumult wild,
And the awful lightning flash is the only light of the child.

Not a foot ahead could she see, save when the lightning showed
The timbers of the bridge and the wild stream overflowed,
And the 'surging and seething waves,' dark dashing in fury below,
And the madness of the storm that threatened with instant woe.

Oh, heaven! Has she missed? No. For her hold is sure.
But what a heart is this that such a storm can endure!
On, ever on she goes, creeping from tie to tie,
Gladly perilling life that others may not die.

Now she reaches the land, and runs as a wild deer fleet,
Tells her story and falls at the station-master's feet!
Falls in a faint at his feet, Kate Shelley with dizzied brain,
But her message is flashed along in time to save the train!

The State where she lived, so proud of her action grew,
That a public gift was voted and a golden medal too,

Whereon the graver's art hath fashioned with cunning skill
A lovely maid on a bridge, the sport of the fierce storm's will.

And on the medal these words or words like them we read:

"Presented to Kate Shelley for a splendid and matchless deed,
Since neither the fear of death nor the elements' fierce strife
Could fright her from her efforts at saving human life."
FREDERICK ALLISON TUPPER.

WE regret to announce the recent death of Mrs. Frank B. Fay, wife of the former Secretary of our Society and present Secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, aged sixty-six years; a most estimable and highly respected lady.

NEW YORK.

It always gives us pleasure to receive the beautiful annual reports of Mr. Bergh's New York Society, the first and strongest, financially, in America. The Twenty-first Report just received, shows receipts of the past year \$47,624.72, and expenses as we figure, \$19,632.39. Complaints dealt with by the Society's agents, 3,453, of which 1,007 were prosecuted. (Convictions not given.)

NEW HAMPSHIRE AND MAINE.

We are pleased to receive a call from Hon. T. E. O. Marvin, the energetic President of the New Hampshire Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and now look hopefully, through the efficient work of Mrs. Bishop Eastburn and Miss Isabella Hamilton, for a call from the energetic President of the Maine State Society, which they are trying to establish.

THE AUDUBON MAGAZINE.

We welcome to our exchange list this new monthly, issued by the *Forest and Stream* Company of New York. As the organ of the societies from which it takes its name, it is to be devoted to the protection of one class of God's lower creatures—our insect-eating birds. Its first number is tastefully gotten up and well filled with useful and interesting matter. We wish it success in enlisting tens of thousands to protect birds, and hope that all who read it may be induced to go still farther—join our "Bands of Mercy," and endeavor to protect every creature, human and dumb, that needs protection.

HOW THINGS TRAVEL.

January 19, we sent New York *Graphic* the following. It appeared in that paper, having about the largest circulation of New York city. January 23, four days later, we found it in *Boston Sunday Herald*. Circulation over 80,000:

"After much consultation with veterinary surgeons and experts, no better or more merciful method of killing cats has been found than to put, with a long-handled, wooden spoon, about half a teaspoonful of pure cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue, as near the throat as possible. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get pure cyanide of potassium, and to keep it tightly corked."

You talk about your orphans' homes and your institutions, and then about your colleges and your homes for the indigent, and yet you keep 2500 factories for the manufacture of orphans and people to fill these homes.—Sam. Jones.

BROTHER, this world's honor amounts to nothing, so soon it fades away. It is like the snow that falls in the river, makes a white spot for a moment, and then melts away.—Sam. Jones.

AN IMPORTANT WANT SUPPLIED.

Humane Leaflets for Schools, Sunday Schools, Bands of Mercy and Homes.

While our "*Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals*" (thirty-two pages costing but two cents), have gone already to some fifty thousand teachers of American Schools, we have long felt the importance of something *still cheaper* and more suitable for general distribution. To meet this, we have with much care prepared *eight leaflets containing something over a hundred carefully selected stories, poems, etc.* Each leaflet having on its first page a beautiful picture, and which we will send, postage paid, to Schools, Sunday Schools,

HUMANE LEAFLETS.

THIS CUT APPEARS ON FIRST PAGE OF HUMANE LEAFLET

No. 3.



LOST ON THE PRAIRIE.

WHY THE GOVERNOR DID NOT DRINK.

The following incident of the life of Gov. Geary of Pennsylvania, was related by Mr. Howard, a clergyman of New York:

The Governor was at a social dinner at which intoxicating beverages were passed, which he refused. This act, so unusual in men of his position, was noticed by a friend who sat near him, who asked if he might know the reason. The Governor said, in substance, this:

"My father was a rich farmer. But he took to drink. He sold off his personal property, and then, acre by acre, the farm went to pay his bills at the tavern. So things went on, until only a little land and a wretched house remained. Worse than this, he lost the manliness which once characterized him. The loving husband and indulgent parent was lost in the fumes of drink. Of this, mother was most sensitive. Hers was the heart-ache that only the wife of such a man knows. The tears that she shed over our prospects, and especially

for her husband, were bitter. Her grief was eating up the fountain of life.

"One day while we sat waiting for father—mother dreading to have him come crazed with drink—I saw the tears running down her cheeks. I did not ask the cause. I said, Mother, *I never will drink rum.* In an instant she folded me to her breast and carried me to the little bed-room, where she poured out a prayer to God for her son that he might be able to keep that vow. I have always kept it." — *The Christian.*

DOGS WHO HAVE OWNED ME.

FRANK BELLEW, in *Golden Days*.

I have been owned by a good many dogs in the course of my life, and I am not a little proud of the fact.

They say it is a good sign in a man when children and dogs take kindly to him. All dogs take kindly to me, and I look upon it as an indorsement of some merit in my character.

The first desire of every well-balanced dog is to own a man. Without such a possession he is spurned by his fellows and despised by small boys.

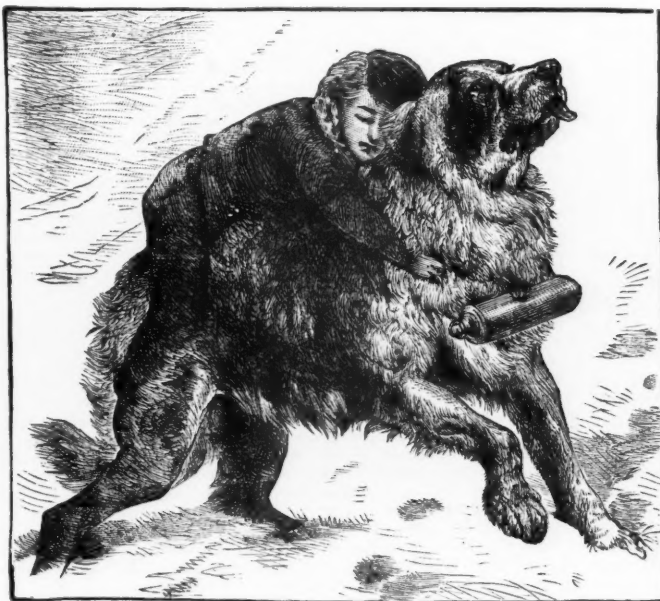
All dogs know at once whether a stranger of their own race owns a man or not. Whether it is the hang of his ears and tail, or general negligence about his personal appearance, or lack of confidence in his general bearing, I cannot say, but certain it is, that all well-fixed, or ill-fixed dogs, at once detect a manless bow-wow.

The tramp-dog recognizes his fellow tramp-dog, and consorts with him.

There are dogs who are tramps by nature, who will never stick to a master; but such cases, I am happy to say, are very rare—more rare than even tramp-cats, who, one would think, from their natural love of warmth and comfort, would jump at any kind of a decent home.

THIS CUT APPEARS ON FIRST PAGE OF HUMANE LEAFLET

No. 4.



DOG OF ST. BERNARD.

And yet I am personally acquainted with several tramp-cats, and very nice, decent cats, too.

Some men think they own dogs, and perhaps a few of them do, but as a general rule, the dog owns the man.

For my part, I would not care two straws for a dog I had to own. I prefer being owned, and glory in my servitude.

The first dog I remember who took possession of me, was a black and white spaniel, which my father brought home when I was a boy.

It selected me at once, out of six children, as its master, and it clove to me ever after.

We christened him Fop. He was not a fop, however, but a rather grouty old dog, with a chronic growl, which meant nothing.

I have never seen another dog with that growl. He would growl and wag his tail at the same time. He growled when he was pleased, just as a cat purrs. He was a most intelligent dog, and understood every word I said to him. There was no need of any motion of the hands, or even of the mouth or eyes. It was not necessary even to look at him to make him comprehend.

He used to be in ecstasies if I would allow him to accompany me in my walks; but were I going to any place where I could not take him, I had only to say "Fop, go

home," and he would slink slowly back, looking round every now and then with the most piteous expression, in hope of seeing some sign of relenting on my part. Then, if I did relent, he would come tearing after me, and whirl himself round and round, like a pin-wheel on the Fourth of July.

Fop was very fond of fruit, and would make excursions around the garden when the gooseberries were ripe, and pick them off the bushes.

In cherry time, I used often to climb up the trees to pick the fruit (perhaps no boy ever did such a thing before), which I would throw down, while Fop kept guard below.

He never thought of touching one till I gave him permission, but when I said: "Those are for you, Fop," he would pounce on the bunch indicated, like a cat on a mouse, and gobble it up immediately.

Fop used to do many wonderful things, I am certain, though I forget now what they were, for he reigned forty years ago.

He stuck to me faithfully for many years, and, I know, would never have given me up, had he not been stolen one day in the crowded streets.

I never saw the poor fellow again.

The next dog I remember who owned me was a King Charles spaniel, which was so small that it could stand on the palm of my hand. She took possession of me; so I had to buy her for two dollars and a half, which was a pretty good price for a dog in those days. Though her body was small, her heart was as big as a lion's. She was afraid of nothing, and would have attacked an iron-clad if it had come in her way.

One day I saw her run after and furiously assail a huge Newfoundland dog, big enough to swallow her whole like an oyster. As soon as the big dog became aware that he was attacked, he turned round his head, gave one look at the tiny aggressor, and then, with the magnanimity peculiar to dogs, walked on without taking any further notice.

Another time I took her out to walk across the fields to a place where they were building a railway bridge over a dike or ditch about forty feet wide. The roadway of the bridge was not completed, but a single beam of timber ran from the top of one bank to the other.

Over this I crossed, but my little dog Fan did not notice it. When she saw me at the other side, she scampered down to the water's edge, and after sniffing at it once or twice, plunged in and swam after me.

The middle of the stream was filled with weeds, and in these she became so entangled that it seemed to me she must inevitably drown.

I had just made up my mind to jump in after her—for I could no more have seen her than a human being perish—when she managed to break loose and swim ashore.

It was a howling, blistering, bitter cold day; so when I fished poor Fan out of the water she presented a most woeful appearance, her long silky hair clinging to her slender body, her head and tail drooping, and her back all drawn up with cold. I thought she would surely die, or at least, forever after lose her courage.

We had two and a half miles to walk before reaching any house, and I at first thought of carrying her in my arms, but then I made up my mind it would be safer to keep her in motion. So we hurried on as fast as we could till we reached a tavern, and there some warm milk and water and a comfortable fire soon made her all right.

A few days after, while pursuing a bird, she came to another ditch; but without a moment's hesitation, in she plunged and swam across. To my delight I found she had not lost one particle of her courage.

When I left that part of the country, Fan and I had to part. But I hunted up a good, faithful man, and gave him to her; and I am sure she treated him well if he only behaved himself properly, for she was a very kind little dog.

The next dog that owned me was a Scotch collie, or shepherd's dog. How I came into her possession I cannot remember, but she owned me for nearly two years. I was then living at a place on the Hudson, a rather retired spot a little way from the high-road. One day, when I was away from home, a pedler walked into the kitchen, and seating himself at a table, demanded something to eat. My wife told him she had nothing for him, and requested him to leave. He then grew insolent, and said he should remain as long as he pleased. My

wife then told him if he did not go she would call the dog.

"Oh!" he replied, scoffingly, "call your dog. I'm not afraid of dogs."

My wife went to the door, and called: "Nora! Nora!"

The dog came bounding in.

"Here, Nora, turn this man out!"

Without a bark or a growl (Scotch collies never say much), Nora flew at the pedler's throat and tumbled him over in the dust, for he had scrambled to the door.

I do not know what would have become of the rascal had not my wife called the dog off. As it was, the pedler picked up his pack and stick, and started down the road as fast as his legs would carry him.

One day we were attracted by a furious and continuous barking in a field adjoining my place, and, on going to the spot, we found Nora mounting guard in front of a woodchuck's burrow, to which the woodchuck was trying to retreat.

The sagacious dog evidently knew that the safest plan to capture the game was to cut off his communication with his citadel, and call for help, so she stood there for an hour, barking, till we came.

Nothing would induce her to quit the post, which she felt was the key to the situation, till we had secured the rodent, and then her ecstasy was unbounded.

She capered and grinned and laughed, and said, as plainly as a dog could say:

"I did it. Wasn't I smart?"

Nora was a great excursionist; it was her only fault. I think she went to the different farm-houses round about in search of the companionship of sheep, which she had been accustomed to watch.

On my farm I had only some ducks and chickens and a pig. And what are pigs and poultry to the soul of a dog accustomed to command a legion of nimble, curly-horned sheep on a wild Scotch moor?

Disapproving of Nora's roving habits, I finally tied her up in a loft over a tool-house, and also locked her in. The next morning, when I went to feed her, she was gone. She had gnawed the rope in two, opened the window, and jumped about fifteen feet to the ground.

The gnawing and jumping, though acts of extreme audacity, were easily understood. But, to open the window, she must have thoroughly studied the subject, and put her nose to extreme physical pain in forcing it up.

Nora disappeared one day and never came back. I feel satisfied she must have been forcibly detained, probably by some farmer who had sheep, and knew her value.

The next I find on my list of canine proprietors, is a little, half-and-half Scotch terrier and poodle. I first met her in a drug store in Orange, N. J., on a damp, drizzling, miserable night.

I discovered her, wet and muddy and miserable as the night itself, cowering in one corner of the store. The druggist did not know who she was or where she came from.

I addressed a few casual remarks to her on the state of the weather and her own personal appearance. She took possession of me at once. When I left the store, she followed me home. I invited her in, and gave her a good supper, which she seemed to enjoy heartily.

After that her kindness and affection knew no bounds. She was never happy, save in my society; and when I left the house for any length of time, which I generally had to do surreptitiously, she would rummage all over the establishment, from garret to cellar, exploring even the most unlikely places, apparently thinking I might be concealed under wash-tubs, on shelves, behind trunks, anywhere, everywhere.

When at last she reached the sad conviction that I had actually left the premises, she would hunt up some article of dress belonging to me, carry it to my sanctum, scramble on to a table with it in her mouth, and laying her head down upon it, there wait till I came home.

Poor little Fidge! How I loved that little dog.

We had christened her Fidget, because she was such a restless little thing. There never was such a fly-about in the world. Now she would jump on a chair and bark out of the window at nothing; then she would make a dash at the cat, and roll her over and over, till she got in a rage and acted ugly; then Fidge would give a short bark and look at me

fixedly for a few seconds, pretending that she had never thought about the cat at all.

If I returned her glance she would begin to wag her tail, although, by-the-way, it was difficult to tell which was the right end of her, unless she was running, and then you only knew because you were certain that she could never run backwards.

She was such a shapeless little canine lump that you were liable, at times, to take her for anything fluffy—a mop, a door-mat, a muff, a bundle of rags, an old bonnet, anything.

As long as Fidget was with us, we always knew what our neighbors had for dinner on the previous day. She used to scour the adjoining back-yards and gardens, and bring home all the loose bones that might be lying round, and deposit them on the mat outside our front door. One day I found there the whole skeleton of a turkey, two chop-bones and a shin of beef, besides fragments of dried toast, buckwheat cakes, corn muffins and cold potatoes.

It was the holiday season, and the folks had evidently been living well in my section, and Fidget had been industrious.

I well remember her short bark of delight when I opened the door, and she directed one end of her body towards me, which I knew to be her bow, so to speak, from two little, glistening, brown dots hidden under a tangle of long hair, which I recognized as her eyes, and another little black dot between them, which represented her nose.

I remember, too, the indescribable wiggle of her whole body, which passed with her for tail-wagging, and the extraordinary cyclone of gyrations, till she gyrated herself off the top of the stoop, and with a yelp at each bump, landed sober, but serene, at the bottom.

When Fidge was not foraging round in the neighbors' yards she frequently entertained her friends on the front stoop—all the ragtag and bobtail, as well as the aristocratic setters and Newfoundlands, in the neighborhood.

One day I was disturbed by a furious barking and general commotion in front of the house, and, on going to the door, discovered our rector's wife kept at bay at the front gate by a strange pack of hounds, comprising a spotted coach dog, a spitz, a black, shaggy beast of some unknown variety, and a small "yaller" dog, all friends of Fidge.

The poor lady, I found, had a peculiar dread of dogs, so her feelings may be imagined, but my rage and indignation cannot. To think of my visitors, and the minister's wife at that, being driven from the door by a ragamuffin volunteer guard of strangers. Oh, it was too much! I drove the guard away, punished Fidge, and apologized to the lady.

My children had a little wagon to which they harnessed Fidge. By patient training they managed to run their team round the garden, some times without accident. Grown confident with this success, ambition soon followed, and they longed for a wider field of action.

One day my wife sent them to the grocery at the corner of the street, about a hundred and fifty yards off, to make a few purchases.

They harnessed Fidge to the wagon, and trotted down to the store in style and safety. In about fifteen minutes they returned, my son carrying Fidget and the shattered wagon in his arms, and my little daughter, with her apron and little hand piled up with burst and broken packages of groceries. That was the last time Fidge was used for the express business.

They had loaded up the wagon, Fidge had seen a friend across the street, and there was an end of it.

I afterward removed to the village hotel, where Fidge's habit of inviting her friends into the premises caused the landlord some annoyance. One day she disappeared, and I never saw her again. I sadly fear there was foul play somewhere—kidnapping, or perhaps worse. Poor little Fidge! she was the last dog that ever owned me.

LAW vs. ORDER.

Indignant citizen—"There was a burglar here last night, and he might have murdered us all, if it hadn't been for the dog."

Policeman—"The dog is what I'm looking for, sir."

Citizen—"The dog! What do you want of him?"
Policeman—"He ain't registered, an' it's my duty to shoot 'im, sir."—*Omaha World*.

"CHARITY."

We take the following from a touching story told in the London *Animal World*, by A. Watson:

It is Christmas Eve, and the snow lies deep and pure on hill and dale, and on all the dreary stretch of wild and rugged moorland reaching for miles beyond the quaint and sleepy little town of N—, in Yorkshire, turning the dark and shabby houses, the stunted shrubs, and quiet, old-fashioned, ivy-covered church into a picture of Fairyland.

So sweet, so calm, and full of rest it seems this Christmas night, "wrapped in its garment of crystal light," with the warm, red glow of fire from the cottages, throwing a transient, cheery gleam across the narrow street.

A cottage, smaller, meaner, darker than the rest, with falling thatch and walls of mud, stands almost alone at the end of the street, just in the bleakest corner, where the wintry blasts can shake and beat it most, and all the rain can settle until summer sun returns to bake it dry again.

A fast-expiring candle, stuck in a broken bottle, sheds a feeble and uncertain glimmer from the patched and dismal hole that, could it speak, would call itself a window. A wooden frame, dignified by the name of bed, is in a corner of the room, and this, with a caneless chair, a box, a few bits of crockery, and a very small, round table, appears to constitute the chief furniture of the place. A ladder, leading somewhere to a loft above, casts gloomy shadows in the fading candle-light.

The fire is out, and near the table, kneeling, with arms outspread and drooping face, is a pale, slight woman, still young, and with the traces of former beauty left on her wan, sad features. Ill-clad and wretched as she looks, there is yet an air of refinement and grace about her. As she kneels there, motionless, the look of patient resignation changes to one of despair, and with a bitter cry of "Oh, my boy! my boy!" she bursts into sobs.

She is roused by a little purring sound of sympathy from a small, half-starved, and tailless cat, that has jumped from the hearth to the table.

"Dear old puss!" she says, through her tears, "you are good, and always seem to know when we are in trouble. How I wish I could keep you better;" then, she clasps the cat in her arms and tells her how, when her "ship comes home," puss shall have milk every day (perhaps cream) and wear a ribbon on her neck.

A step outside and a rattle of the latch causes her to spring to her feet and hide the traces of grief.

The door opens, and a fine, dark-eyed, handsome, but rather delicate-looking boy rushes into the little room. Though very poorly clad, his clothes are clean and neatly mended by a mother's careful hands.

He appears unusually excited and hardly pauses for breath ere he says: "Oh, mother, Mr. Johnson wants some Christmas logs from the saw-pits, and has offered me five shillings if I will take Jack and get them for him to-night. Kiss me, for I must be off now," and the delighted boy throws his cap in the air, and his arms around his mother, as if the greatest good fortune had come.

Then his face clouds as his mother exclaims:—"My child, you cannot go; it is impossible. I dare not let you cross the moor on such a night as this. You would be lost in the snow, and I doubt if poor old Jack could carry the wood so far. We must sell him, Bertie; he is getting weak for want of what we cannot afford to give him;" and her lip quivers as she thinks of that good, old, patient servant, who for years has helped them in the weary struggle for existence, content with his hard fare and draughty shed. He is only a donkey, but dear to those two loving hearts.

A moment the boy stands, battling with his disappointment; then, raising his eyes to hers in mute appeal, he says:—"You told me, mother, there was nothing to eat in the house, for us or them"—laying his hand on the cat—"and that you are not quite sure of the money for your work"—



JACK THE DONKEY.

pointing to a large bundle on the bed. "That five shillings would buy food for you and me and Jack and pussy. It is only three miles. Oh, mother, mother, do let me go. I will be so careful!"

How can she resist such an earnest appeal? She knows his words are true, and what right has she to keep him back? Yet—

Ours is a God of love and mercy, and He will protect the widow's son, and as the soothing thought comes to her mind, she turns with a faint smile and wishes her boy God-speed on his lonely journey.

Poor, old, ragged, patient Jack is half asleep in his miserable shed, but pricks his shaggy ears at the sound of his master's step, and, late though it is, and very cold, goes willingly out at the bidding of his kind master. He wonders a little what this late journey is about, but he knows, by his dear young master's face, that it must mean something good for both, perhaps extra supper when the work is done! Who can tell if visions of years gone past, when hay and corn, ah! even carrots, were not scarce, do not cross Jack's mind to-night, as he plods through miles of chilling snow, with but a scanty prospect of a meal on his return? He never shows by sign his inward thoughts, but keeps the even tenor of his most uneven way, silent, solemn, and sedate.

An hour passes, and the old church clock strikes eight, as the mother puts on her worn and threadbare shawl, and, taking her work, goes out into the bitter night; a weary walk of half-a-mile to the Rectory.

There all is light and life and warmth; wealth, health, and all the pleasant things this world can give, combined to make this country home an earthly paradise.

The Rector, clever, busy, and ambitious, but in whose nature much that is true and kind lies dormant, sees but little of his flock.

In answer to a gentle ring, the parlor-maid, pretty, smart, and pert, appears, and Bertie's mother in a timid voice asks for the Rector's lady.

"Engaged," is the curt response, accompanied by a disdainful glance.

"Will you please be so kind? I have finished the work, and Mrs. G. promised to pay me to-night."

"Nonsense, I tell you. I can't bother her now; we have company, and she would be angry."

"Perhaps so, but, my dear"—placing her trembling hand on the damsel's arm—"do ask for me; I am so much in need of it; and"—with a short sigh—"it is Christmas Eve."

"Can't help that. You must come later, she will be sure to give you the money next week;" and in answer to a distant bell, the maid goes off, conscious of having only done her duty.

The weary pleader turns away, and is closing the oaken door, when a sweet, low voice, like an angel's whisper, falls on her ear.

"Just wait a moment, please, and speak to me. I heard what you said to Jane; she does not mean to be unkind. What can I do to help you? I am only a little girl, and I am lame, you see; but tell me your trouble, and I will do something." There, like a fairy vision, her tender face upraised and smiling from amid the mass of rich, golden curls, her white arm resting on the ebony crutch, and the lamplight shining on her tiny form, stands Milly G., the proud Rector's only child; and she is almost a cripple.

"Don't cry any more, please don't, but tell me what I can do for you." So word by word the story is partly told, and Milly, with tearful voice, asks her to wait a few minutes, and she will soon be back. No sooner has the childish vision gone than Bertie's mother repents the impulse she has yielded to: "What will they think of me to worry that dear child?" and so, rising, glides out once more into the silent street, forlorn and hopeless, thinking not of herself, but of her boy and the other helpless creatures who depend on her.

The Rector is merry on this Christmas Eve; also are his guests. His wife, a languid woman, who reclines upon a comfortable couch, has but little thought for those beyond the pale of her happy domain. A large yule-log is blazing on the hearth, a brilliant show of ancient plate is on the carved side-board, and crimson curtains drawn before the deep French windows, contrasting with the sheen of holly wreaths, fill all the hearts within that cosy room with a delightful sense. The Rector is telling a story—I must confess, a sporting tale of olden times—and all his friends are just intent upon the grand climax when the door opens softly, and with a look on her pretty face, half brave, half shy, a little figure steals unnoticed to her father's side, waiting until he can see his darling.

"Oh, papa dear, there is a poor woman out in the hall, and she is crying so; she has not any money to buy food with, and her little boy, her only one, has gone with his poor donkey across the moors to fetch wood for some one. It is three long miles, and—and—oh, dear papa, do help her; I know you will, because it is Christmas, you see;" and she throws the full magic of her bright eyes upon his.

"Mildred, you should be in bed before this." It is the sharp tones of the mother breaking in, as she looks with small favor on her child. Then the Rector, with a short excuse to his guests and a curious expression on his face, as if the childish voice had aroused some hidden feeling he had not felt for many years, rises, and, without another word, follows the dearest object of his life into the deserted hall.

The subject of their quest has gone, but father and daughter plan a scheme of instant charity.

Bertie's mother, or Mrs. Grey, as she is known in the village, is long on her road. Tired and weak, she staggers slowly on, too dazed to realize the dismal prospect of to-morrow; she feels how much she has relied upon the payment she had more than fairly earned by many a dreary hour's work, and, in a confused way, remembers the travelers on the snow-bound moor, and starts in sudden fear as the wind in a rough gust sweeps around the corner.

As she reaches her wretched home, a gruff, but not unkindly voice comes from the darkness.

"Come on lass," and she recognizes the voice of one John, who, besides being a bit of a character among these primitive villagers, is often employed at the Rectory as a sort of odd man.

As she opens the door, he tramps in, and

deposits a heavy sack on the worn brick floor.

When she tries to thank him, the good fellow hurries off with a gruff "good-night, lass," but turning at the door, says:—"I've brought a bit a fodder for Jack; it's in 'tshed; we ha' plenty, thee knows," and, before she can answer, he has gone.

May be, the last kind thought of her homely friend has touched her most of all, for she loves Jack.

Left in the darkness, she quickly uses the materials in the sack. The fire soon burns brightly, and soon, with all her old instinct of neatness, she has stowed away the coals and wood, tidied, or, I should say, sided the room, and placed a pie on the table.

All this is hardly done, when the muffled sound of light wheels crunching the snow, and the firm, quick trot of well-fed horses falls on her ear. A rather imperative tap, and the door opens once more. Then, to the boundless astonishment of Bertie's mother, enters the Rector, carrying a tiny figure, almost smothered in dainty furs, and, after seating it on the dilapidated chair, proceeds to explain his errand of mercy, feeling all the time, as he sees the abject poverty of this cottage home, how much he owes to his little child, who has taught him a lesson in Christian charity, that now, and forever after, shall direct his daily duty.

"I regret, Mrs. Grey," he begins gravely, "that this most unfortunate incident should have occurred, and especially at such a time, and my wife shares fully in that regret." (A mild fib, Rector, considering Mrs. G. at present does not know anything about it.) "Believe me, I was not aware that any such distress existed in my parish; but I am much away, and in fact greatly occupied"—here he looks uncomfortable. "Had it not been for Mildred, who insisted upon coming, I should be ignorant now, of your—ah! very sad condition."

This well-meant, but rather pompous speech—at least, so Milly seems to think, for she puts her little hand in Mrs. Grey's—is now followed by the entrance of a footman in livery, who brings in, with a decidedly injured air, a large basket of provisions, returning to the carriage for a tin of soup and a can of milk, while hanging on his left arm is a glistening holly wreath, with text attached: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

These articles he handles with a manner so plainly showing his intense disgust at the whole business, that while Mrs. Grey blushes deeply, the Rector, though vexed, cannot repress a smile.

"I brought you this wreath," Milly says, in her sweet, low voice, "and I made it my own self, because I thought your little boy would like it to look a bit like Christmas when he comes home. You don't mind, do you?"

As the Rector watches his child, he feels he has something more to learn yet; and after paying the grateful widow liberally for her work, and receiving a few timid but heartfelt thanks from her, takes his departure, with his fairy daughter, leaving, who can describe, how much of gratitude and hope be-hind.

As the carriage rolls away, they find the wind has risen, and the snow is falling again in heavy flakes. Both think of Bertie and his donkey out on the lonely Yorkshire moor.

Meanwhile, the mother, with a happy face and busy hands, prepares her son a welcome. She trims the fire and light, and sets the table with what few things she has, nor does she fail to hang the wreath of shining holly on the bare, rough wall; but first of all she has poured out in a saucer some of the fresh, new milk, and cut a slice of meat for her faithful puss, and, seeing the eager haste and delight of her poor pet, sits down, and for a moment fairly cries, this time, for joy. Are they not all provided for? even Jack, the donkey, will have a warm bed and generous supper on this Christmas eve.

With a sigh of content, and a prayer of thanksgiving, she sits down, puss on her knee, to patiently wait her boy's return.

The snow falls rapidly, and still the wind increases on the moorland, drifting the soft white flakes in treacherous heaps across the steep and uncertain path which Jack and Bertie must traverse.

The journey there was well enough for such a night; but coming home the elements have changed, and what can one slight, tired youth and one poor, weary little donkey do to battle with their blinding force and dreadful chill? The logs are heavy and Jack is far from strong, but his will is more than

good, and he feels, I know he does, that every step will bring, not only him, but his loved master, nearer home.

Strive on, brave Jack, and Bertie too, if only for the dear, loved mother's sake. Oh! if you could but know the Christmas welcome waiting you.

A slip, a plunge, a dull and noiseless fall, and Jack lies helpless in the cold, white snow.

The Rectory is quiet, and all the household have retired but the Rector, who still sits musing. Strange thoughts have troubled him to-night, and, for perhaps the first time in his life, he feels dissatisfied. The contrast of his own luxurious room and the cottage he has seen annoys him, and he fancies—it is really only fancy—he can recall a look of reproach on the face of his idolized child when she came to his side with her gentle appeal.

"She is nearer heaven than I am," he thinks; "and how that woman looked at her! Ah! she always says 'It is more blessed to give than to receive,' and I have proved it now."

He is roused by a tap at the window of his study, and, though startled for a minute, soon remembers it may be some one ill who needs his presence; it is close upon midnight, but, on opening the window, he is surprised to see the burly figure of old John, who, in a few hurried words, explains his errand.

The widow Grey's boy has not returned from his journey, and may he have Rex, the Rector's colley, to help him (John) in his search for Jack and Bertie? Old John and Rex are close friends, and he feels "sure-ly," with the dog's aid and a lantern, he can "foind 'im somewheeres dead or alive."

The Rector is queer to-night; with a short injunction to wait, he slowly mounts the broad staircase, and, from some curious instinct, even to himself unknown, chooses Jane, the smart parlor-maid, to whom he gives a few brief directions; then, descending, calls Rex, the beautiful colley, and, clad in a thick overcoat and carrying a shawl on his arm, strides out into the bitter, stormy night.

"I am going with you, John," he says, and John, though astonished, wisely holds his tongue.

"What's come over the parson," he thinks, as, side by side, they proceed on their doubtful quest, side by side, through all the storm of wind and snow, equal, if not in station, at least in the one true purpose of love and mercy.

Two hours later, thanks more to Rex's clever head than theirs, the two men are on their weary way back to the sleepy town, where the mother's poor heart is beating, now in hope, now in despair.

John carries Bertie's apparently lifeless form with careful hands, and the Rector, pale, exhausted, clings tightly to the halter, leading—indeed, half dragging—the worn-out donkey—Jack's load is left behind.

The warm and cosy Rectory stable shelters Jack to-night, and surely he must deem it Paradise, and wonder if it can be all a dream, and that he will awake and find himself out on the lonely moors.

Meanwhile, in a soft, white bed upstairs lies Bertie, with his mother watching by his side, the Rector, John and Rex sharing her duties there; and oh! what a bright and thankful face it is she turns towards the three brave rescuers of her boy and Jack.

Pussy keeps house alone to-night.

Six months later, the sweet June roses are in bloom, and all the land is gay with nature's bounteous gifts, even Northcote wears a brighter aspect beneath the genial summer sun; a fair young woman, neatly dressed, is stepping briskly down the narrow street, a happy smile on her contented face. It is the Rector's housekeeper, known to all the villagers as Mrs. Grey, and well beloved she is among the poor and needy, for her gentle ways and ready help; and, more than all, the blessed change her reign has brought about.

Her room at the Rectory is a nice and cheery apartment, well but plainly furnished; a plump, but tailless, little cat, wearing a pretty collar, lies curled up on the cushion of the easiest chair, and over the mantelpiece, in the place of honor, hangs a dry and faded holly wreath. As Mrs. Grey arrives at the rectory gates—with what a different feeling to that she suffered from that dreary Christmas eve—a merry peal of childish laughter comes from the bright old-fashioned garden, following the deep and sonorous, but very unmusical bray of a donkey, and a sweet picture of natural beauty meets her eyes. In a sort of invalid chair, drawn by a sleek, lazy-looking little donkey, and almost covered

with wild blossoms gathered from the country lanes, sits Mildred, while Bertie, bearing huge trails of ivy on his arm, walks once more beside faithful Jack. Rex, too, is bounding by the side in wildest spirits. The Rector meets them at the great hall door, and as he gazes on his merry child, the bright-faced boy, the happy mother, and his dog, all so proud of their precious charge, and sees the look Jack turns upon his little mistress, when she gives his daily reward—a carrot and a lump of sugar—the words return to him, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

UPON some quiet evening, as the curtain of night falls silently around us, we mark the stars becoming visible in increasing numbers until the sky is gemmed with points of light. And as the wondrous thought comes to us that these points of light are worlds, many of them larger than the earth on which we live, an awe steals over us—an awe, but not a dread. No! for as we look on the fresh evidence of God's majesty in creation, words, familiar words, rise to our lips, "*The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork.*" And once again our voices are hushed and our thoughts are busy as we gaze upon those silent worlds in the far distance of the voiceless sky. Old, old questions present themselves to our musings. What is the purpose of these worlds of God—do they contain fresh evidences of His creative energy, existences conscious and intelligent, though different in their nature from those with which we are familiar? And how does the Incarnation affect such creations, if such indeed there be? Thoughts such as these will rise within our minds; but no answer comes to us through the night, and the dawn brings with it no reply. All silently the heavenly orbs bear on the mystery of their creation. And yet there is a word which they speak—an anthem of praise to their Maker, which they offer in the rhythmical regularity of their ordered movement, for

"Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language;
Their voice cannot be heard."

REV. F. W. NEWMAN.

NOT ROMANTIC, BUT TRUE.

Last summer a pretty and romantic city girl spent the summer on a Maine farm and got up a mild flirtation with the young man of the house. He was not particularly bold, and so one evening as she swung in the hammock in the moonlight, she coyly said to him, "What is God's best gift to man?" He pondered a moment, as he watched the color come and go in her cheeks, and then said decisively: "*A good horse, I think.*" The young woman said it was damp and she would go into the house.

CONFUSED IDEAS.—The Chicago limited train on the new Baltimore & Ohio was crossing the Susquehanna bridge yesterday, when a passenger leaned over to a Chicago drummer, and pointing at the island in the middle of the river, said:

"There's fine gunning on that island. There's any number of rabbits there, and it's a favorite place for sportsmen."

Drummer (thinking of the rabbits)—"How do they get there?"

Passenger (thinking of the sportsmen)—"They go over every morning in small boats."

Drummer (in profound astonishment)—"What! the rabbits?"—*Baltimore Herald.*



THROW CRUMBS TO THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

FEEDING THE DOVES.

About twenty doves come regularly each week-day morning to our editorial window for their breakfast of grain. Some of them are very beautiful. Now for the funny part of it. Some time after they have been fed, I occasionally find one solitary dove standing on one leg, with a most forlorn face—but a body as plump

as an alderman's—looking at me. When he catches my eye he begins to open and shut his mouth. If I laugh and throw him another handful of grain—"presto—change"—as the jugglers say—in half a minute the whole flock have joined him. He is the beggar of the flock, or perhaps chairman of the executive committee.

G. T. A.

TO MAKE YOUR CANARY HAPPY.

If you want to make your canary happy, let him fly around your rooms an hour or two every day; put a little mirror in his cage, taking care that sun and lights don't dazzle him. We have trained our canary to stand on our finger every morning while we whistle a tune and dance him up and down before the mirror. With another small mirror we show him six or eight canaries in the larger one and he never tires of watching them. G. T. A.

AND how refreshing is the sight of the *birdless* bonnet. The face beneath, no matter how plain it may be, seems to possess a gentle charm. She might have had birds, this woman, for they are cheap enough, and plentiful enough, heaven knows. But she has them not, therefore she must wear within things infinitely precious, namely, good sense, good taste, good feeling.

CELIA THAXTER, in *Audubon Magazine*.

Does any woman imagine these withered corpses (cured with arsenic) which she loves to carry about, are *beautiful*? Not so; the birds lost their beauty with their lives.

CELIA THAXTER, in *Audubon Magazine*.

[For "Our Dumb Animals."]

THE BIRD'S FUNERAL.

[By AUGUSTA MOORE.]

Visiting friends in Waterville, Maine—who are remarkable for their love of God's speechless creatures—I listened with tireless interest to their accounts of their pets. Being made much of seemed to develop wonderfully the natural intelligence of the beasts and birds these kind friends took under their protection; but the story which pleased me most of any they told, was the following:

"Mother stood there by her cooking window, looking out on the garden. In the corner among the apple trees, she saw a most unusual gathering of small, wild birds, all intent on some absorbing business.

"Do, children, go out and try to see what those birds are doing," she said. 'My hands are in the dough, so I cannot. Be very quiet and careful not to scare them; but creep as near to them as you can. I never saw such a sight as this before.'

"We obeyed, and were able to draw near enough to the rare visitants to see clearly what they were doing. In fact they took not the least notice of our approach. The trees seemed full of them. Under the tree nearest to where we stood, was a little mound of freshly-plucked leaves. We saw the birds take off each a leaf and flying down, lay it upon this mound, then fly upward, singing. Thus it was constantly, the downward rush, bearing a leaf, the upward flight with singing. We were delighted and astonished at the lovely spectacle, and stood motionless with almost awe, for we suspected what was the secret of all this.

"When quite a large heap of leaves had been made, suddenly the whole flock of birds soared into the sky and flew away.

"When they had quite vanished, we ventured to raise carefully and reverently, the leaves. It was so. A little wild bird lay there, dead. Tenderly we replaced the covering and hurried into the house to tell mother what we had seen.

"How that wood-bird came there, or who told its fate to its fellows, we did not know; but we tell you just what we saw and heard. Do we ever see any dead wild birds lying about? Perhaps they are all buried under the leaves and sung over thus by their winged fellows."



THE REINDEER.

In Lapland, for one-half the year the sun does not rise; and all that time it is dark and very cold, with deep snow and ice. Then, when at last the sun does rise, it will not set for the rest of the year, and all that time it is day.

When the dark time of the year is come, and there is no sun, if the moon is at its full, it is very nice for the Lapp to ride over the snow; for the reindeer will draw him so fast that no one can keep up with him, and will run on at this rate for some time.

I cannot tell you all the uses the reindeers are put to by the Lapp. They give milk, and they are good to eat; and they will draw a load a long way, and very fast.

When the reindeer is dead, its skin is worn by the Lapp; and it is also made into a roof for the huts, or into a tent for him to live in. It is also cut into long thin bits, and made into a kind of rope.

The fat is made into oil, to burn in a lamp, or to eat, or to fry fish in; and the hair is now and then made into beds; but the Lapp does not like this kind of a bed so well as one made of the skin. The hoof, horn and bone of the reindeer are all used, also, in many ways that I cannot tell you of now.

The Lapp is very fond of his reindeer, and, if he is rich, has more than one herd of them. He is sure to have four or five if he is ever so poor.

A. L. BOND.

I have often wondered where the great storehouse of God's music was, from which he supplied the birds and other musical agencies.—*Sam. Jones.*

POETRY AND PROSE.

It is ten o'clock, P. M. Albert takes leave of Emma, to whom he is engaged to be married.

Emma—"Farewell, my darling, and when you look at the moon remember that she who loves you more than words can tell, is looking at it and thinking of you."

Five minutes later: "I say, ma, what has become of those cold baked beans? I feel as hungry as a bear."—*Siftings.*

An elephant never travels without a trunk, but a cow gets along nicely with a bag.

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Vice-Presidents,

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

Cases Reported at Office in January.

For beating, 13; overworking and overloading, 33; overdriving, 2; driving when lame or galled, 31; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 19; abandoning, 1; torturing, 6; driving when diseased, 4; general cruelty, 41.

Total, 153.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 45; warnings issued, 59; not found, 3; not substantiated, 19; anonymous, 9; prosecuted, 8; convicted, 8; pending, 1; [376]. Animals taken from work, 15; horses and other animals killed, 38.

Receipts at the Society's Offices in January.

FINES.

From Justices' Courts.—Greenfield, \$20.
District Courts.—North Adams, \$5; Malden, \$5; Worcester, \$5; Northampton (2 cases), \$11; South Worcester, \$10.
Municipal Court.—Brighton District (2 cases), \$4; East Boston District, \$3.
Witness' Fees, \$2.60.
Total, \$65.60.

MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Joseph L. Keith, \$50; Mrs. Leland Fairbanks, \$16; Mrs. Wm. H. Browne, \$12; Mrs. Clara F. Berry, \$4.50; Mrs. Susan B. Thompson, \$4; Miss I. N. Freedy, \$76; Mrs. Weld Spalding, \$1.25.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Richard T. Parker, Georgiana Kendall, Mrs. J. Sullivan Warren.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. H. H. Smith, Miss M. A. Bancroft, S. R. Urbino, Mrs. W. E. Bright, Miss S. B. Morton, Mrs. J. M. Safford, Mrs. J. H. Meredith, Charles Nash, Elizabeth T. Nash, Mary A. Ayres.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

A Friend to Dumb Animals, Marshall Keart, Mary D. Parker.
Total, \$171.51.

MISSIONARY FUND.

A Friend to the Cause, \$1.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Buffalo Society P. C. to Animals, \$12; Miss E. Horsfall, \$9.98; Miss S. J. Eddy, \$8.75; Mrs. Leland Fairbanks, \$4; W. A. Durant, \$1.50; Mary Farnum, \$1.80; News Agencies, \$3.90; Mrs. Walter, 45 cents; W. N. Ackley, \$1.50; Mrs. T. C. Caldwell, \$1.50.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. F. Cairns, Mrs. Hollingsworth, Miss E. E. Simmons, Daniel Rickctson, Mrs. Eliza Sutton.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

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PUBLICATIONS SOLD.

C. R. Eastburn, \$9.00; Women's Branch Society P. C. Animals, Philadelphia, Pa., 5.00; all others, \$67.21. Total, \$81.21.

OTHER SUMS.

Band of Mercy Fund, \$450.64. Prize Fund, \$100. Interest, \$100. Total, \$650.64.
Total receipts by Secretary, \$1,059.34.

Publications Received from Kindred Societies.

Animal World, London, England.

Band of Mercy and Humane Educator, Philadelphia, Pa.

Humane Journal, Chicago, Ill.

Our Animal Friends, New York, N. Y.

Zoophilist, London, England.

Zoophilist, Naples, Italy.

New York, N. Y. Twenty-first Annual Report of the American S. P. C. A., for 1886.

Nice, France. Annual Report of the Society P. A. for 1886.

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